

General Notes.

**Governor's Proclamation.**  
It is known to the people of the State that I, Charles H. Hardin, Governor of the State of Missouri, do hereby appoint Thursday, the 25th day of November, 1874, as a day of thanksgiving and praise to Almighty God for the many blessings which the people of the State have enjoyed during the present year, and recommend that they by religious ceremonies and other good works manifest on that day a grateful sense of the same and invoke the divine will for a continuation of these and such other blessings as may promote their happiness.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused to be affixed the great seal of the State of Missouri.  
Done in the City of Jefferson, this 9th day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-five.  
C. H. HARDIN.

By the Governor:  
Merrill K. McGrath, Sec'y of State.

**Buchanan County.**

Benjamin P. Bothum was convicted in the Circuit Court on the 6th of forgery and sentenced to the penitentiary for 8 years. It will be remembered that he procured a policy on the life of a fictitious person named John Adams, in 1873, and afterwards forged letters and papers to show that he was drowned.

The widow of Charles Jagua, of St. Joseph, the witness in the crooked whisky cases, who was lately killed on the railroad at Morrison, Ill., claims to have discovered important facts in connection with the death of her husband showing that he was foully dealt with. She avers that he was in possession of most important facts concerning the whisky frauds of this State, and that she believed that he was made way with for this motive.

At St. Joseph, on the 19th, in the Criminal Court, John Kelly, alias Buford, was convicted of robbery and grand larceny, and goes to the Penitentiary for two years.

Michael Fitzgerald, late Presiding Judge of the County Court, has forfeited his bond for his appearance before the Criminal Court. He is resting under several indictments for forgery.

**Cole County.**

On the 8th, about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, the *Journal* office of Jefferson City was discovered to be on fire. It caught from the kitchen stove. The citizens and fire department rallied promptly, and succeeded in arresting the flames, not, however, until a damage of some \$1,500 was inflicted on building and stock, which were fully covered by insurance.

**Cooper County.**

Richard Ripley was shot twice by Charley Hudson, on the 31st ult., in the western portion of this county. The quarrel grew out of Ripley taking Hudson's horse without permission.

**Greene County.**

At Springfield, on the 6th, a colored woman named Mary Collins seized an ax and split her husband's skull in two, killing him instantly. She then attempted to murder her little daughter, but the child made her escape to a neighbor's.

**Franklin County.**

Mason White, porter of the sleeping-car "Dendison," met with a sad accident on the 19th at Pacific City, on the Missouri Pacific Railroad. While engaged in carrying water to the car, his leg was crushed a little below the knee, and the wounded limb was afterward amputated by Dr. James Calkins, a surgeon residing in the neighborhood.

**Jackson County.**

A man named Henry Mitchell has been arrested in Kansas City, charged with having set fire to his own house, which was destroyed by fire under very suspicious circumstances last September. The furniture and house were insured for three times what they were worth, and Mitchell was suspected of being the incendiary at the time.

The afternoon of the 7th the body of a man, about 50 years old, was found in a horribly mutilated condition, tied in a coffee-sack, about 2 miles south of Independence. There were five ghastly wounds on the breast, and the throat was cut from ear to ear. The body was stripped of all clothing, and nothing could be found by which a clue could be obtained as to who he was.

**Linn County.**

Mrs. Messersmith, a tenant on the farm of Mr. Weston, some 9 miles from Brookfield, accidentally shot her little daughter on the 26th, causing death.

**Pettis County.**

The jury in the Wellborn murder case, after a brief deliberation, returned a verdict of not guilty.

On the arrival of the express train from the East, the morning of the 5th, Vance Smith and Foster Haley, runners for the American and Union Hotels, Sedalia, became involved in a quarrel, leading to a fight. Smith clenched Haley around the throat, causing his tongue to protrude at some length, when he struck him under the jaw with his fist, cutting his tongue completely off. Haley will be speechless. Both were negroes.

Two horses fell in the streets of Sedalia on the 7th, attacked with cholera.

On the 5th a ten-year-old son of Mr. Haynes, a blacksmith near Beaman Station, ventured into a pen containing six wild hogs, was seized, trampled upon, and torn almost to pieces and died when rescued by his father.

The wife of Mr. C. S. Bohannon, who was recently thrown from a wagon near Smithton, while going to church, died on the 3d from injuries received. She never recovered consciousness.

**St. Louis.**

A distressing accident occurred on the night of the 7th at the residence of Mrs. Stells, No. 225 Olive Street. A coal oil lamp exploded and the burning liquid almost completely enveloped the body of Matilda Phillips, a colored servant. The flames were promptly extinguished, but it is probable that the unfortunate girl will die from her injuries.

WIT AND WISDOM.

DAN remarked to his wife last evening, as he left home for the office: "I'll be back by ten o'clock if I don't meet with any serious pull-back." "It won't be well for you to meet any pull-backs, Daniel, serious or smiling, if I know of it," said his better half, in tones which indicated that she meant it.

It is seldom that a tramp printer drinks any thing—between drinks—but when a New Yorker endeavored to pick out good towns to strike, on a fashion-pattern supplement to *Harper's Bazar* which he mistook for a railroad map of Massachusetts, in our office the other day, he betrayed symptoms of the national weakness.—*Turner Falls Reporter*.

LAST Sunday a good Christian resident of this city met a colored acquaintance whom he had not seen for some months, and he took him by the hand and inquired: "Well, William, what of your future—how does it look?" "Purty bright, sah," responded the smiling William; "I've got a 'leven dollar note agin a feller at de depot, two pa'rs ob sleeve buttons, a shot-gun, an' a knife, an' I feels as if I couldn't be too grateful for all dat wealth, while lots of odder niggers are el'ar run down to one dog an' an old hat!"—*Vicksburg Herald*.

A DETROITER had his hair cut the other day, and after the barber had finished the head was the worst looking job ever turned out in Detroit. The man was hopping mad as he looked into the glass, and he roared out: "Why, you blamed fool, you don't know any thing about hair-cutting!" "Dat's so, boss," said the owner of the shop, coming forward. "I told him to take your head to learn on, but it don't 'pear to me dat he'll ever make much of a barber!"—*Free Press*.

A WEAK-EYED young man, who wore his shirt cut low in the neck, was last night asked at a social gathering to sing something. Desirous to contribute what he could to the harmony of the occasion, he reared himself upon his hind-legs, unhooked his lower jaw and remarked in a mezzo-tinto voice:

Let me ki-hiss him for his mo-oth—but the host, a stalwart man with little culture, though of a good disposition, arose and without a word administered him an honest kick behind, half-way between his heels and his back-hair, and grasping him firmly by the neck led him to the front door and threw him over the fence. Then he came back and said: "I'll serve any other man so that sings with any mother in it. Now let us have some more music." All the gentlemen present sang comic ballads, or complained of bad colds, or declared that they couldn't sing without notes.—*Chicago Tribune*.

Indoor Safety in a Thunder-storm.

Mr. Latimer Clark, the eminent electrician, gives the following useful hints as to the safest position people can occupy during a thunder-storm: A person reclining on a sofa or bed at a distance from all the walls of the room could scarcely suffer injury even in a house struck by lightning, but a most absolute security is obtained by lying on an iron or brass bedstead of the form known as the Arabian bedstead, in which the head is surmounted by an iron erection supporting the curtains. A person lying or sleeping within such a bedstead could not possibly receive any direct injury from lightning, even if the house were to be demolished, as his bedstead forms the most complete lightning-protector which could well be devised. A wooden bedstead, placed against the wall, does not afford any special security. It may flash the danger is past, the crash of the thunder, however terrible it may appear, being perfectly harmless.

A NOVEL RECIPE FOR A MINCE PIE.—Hash 5 pounds of beef with 3 pounds of apples; 1 pound chopped raisins; add 3 tablespoons spice and cook 3 minutes; add 3 tablespoons cinnamon and stir 3 times; add mace and pepper, and caraway and cloves, and coriander and dried gooseberries, and salt and citron, and keep tasting until you are sure it is right; then set the pan in a chair and add 1 quart boiled cider, 1 teacup vinegar, 2 dozen prunes without the stones, a gill of white brandy, if you can get it, a wine-glass of rosewater, and 4 pulverized nutmegs; next add 2 cups butter and 1 cup salt; cook 15 minutes, taste and put the spoon back; if you have any thing else in the house you would like to put in you can do so, only exercise discretion in all your experiments; bake in the oven and set away in the cellar till your mother-in-law comes at a visiting.

THE past summer has been noted by meteorologists as being cooler by five degrees than the average season for more than eighty years past.

A New Dog Story.

Last Thursday evening, says the *Troy (N. Y.) Press*, Eddie Gerrold, aged nine years, of Newtonville, a small hamlet in the interior of Watervliet, went into the woods in the rear of his father's house to gather some ants. He obtained a little bag from his mother, at his urgent request, to put the ants in, and started off for the woods in high glee. As evening advanced, he did not return, and his parents became anxious, and went in search of him, but failed to find him. They continued their search all day Friday, and on the evening of that day returned home, tired and foot-sore, and almost gave the child up as lost. About 9 o'clock on Saturday morning, as most of the residents of the hamlet were in Mr. Gerrold's house sympathizing with the family in the loss of their child, "Jack," a large Newfoundland dog, that has been an attaché of the Gerrold family since he was a month old, entered and seemed uneasy, and kept whining and barking at intervals. He was put outside the door for disturbing the family, and after remaining there for some time, he ran into a Mrs. Scovill's house next door, and grasped a loaf of bread that the lady of the house had put under the stove, and ran off with it in his mouth in the direction of the wood. When Mr. Scovill returned, his wife related the incident to him and he felt surprised, as Jack had always maintained a character for strict honesty. He in turn related the incident to Mr. Gerrold, and that gentleman felt pretty certain that the dog had some idea of where the child was, and new hope was inspired in the family, and they waited impatiently for the dog's return. Finally he did return in about an hour, and exhibited the same uneasiness that was remarked before. After trying various ruses to attract the family to follow him to the wood, he finally started in that direction with more than half of the residents of the hamlet after him. He led them through many winding paths, until at last they reached a chestnut grove, and there they found the boy lying under a tree with his left leg broken. The boy himself told the facts of the case to our reporter substantially as follows: He was upon the tree, and shaking it with all his might to shake off the ants, and lost his hold and tumbled down, his leg striking the ground with force. He fainted, and the first thing that met his gaze when he became conscious was the dog standing over him. This was on Friday evening, and the dog never left his side, but kept barking with all his might until Saturday morning. The pangs of hunger the boy felt pretty keenly at this time, and he made an attempt to reach some nuts that lay on the ground a short distance from him. When the dog observed this he started off and returned in a short time with the loaf in his mouth, which he deposited in the boy's lap. He ate of it with relish, and then became lonesome and began to cry. The dog started off again, and this time returned with his friends to him. The boy was removed home and a doctor summoned from Cohoes, who set the wounded limb.

Origin of the Name "Stonewall Brigade." The New Orleans *Picayune* contains the following:  
In your issue this morning I notice quoted a short statement from a Bowling Green (Ky.) paper, giving the origin of the name "Stonewall Brigade," which is erroneous, as well as the incident relative to the Confederate battle-flag, which does not apply to General T. J. Jackson, but to Colonel R. E. Withers, of the — Virginia regiment, now one of the distinguished United States Senators from that State. The correct version of both incidents is as follows: During the battle of Manassas, about eleven o'clock in the morning, when that gallant and meritorious officer, Brigadier-General Bernard E. Bee, was endeavoring to rally his troops in the small valley in the rear of the Robinson House, he noticed Jackson's Brigade, which had just arrived and taken position a little in the rear of him, in a cove of small pines bordering on the edge of the plateau where was about to be fought the first great battle of the war. Bee, finding that his appeals were unheeded by his brave but disorganized troops, then said to them: "Rally, men, rally! See Jackson's Brigade standing there like a stone wall." These words gave the appellation to that brigade, and thence to its heroic commander. The other incident occurred at the delivery of the Confederate battle-flags to my forces at Centerville, in the autumn of 1861. Many of these flags had been made from ladies' red silk dresses, some of which were much faded, but nevertheless highly appreciated by our troops. The brigade had been drawn up in columns of regiments on the pla-

teau of Centerville, around a small elevation, where were stacked all the flags for distribution. The colonels of regiments marched to the front and formed a line near the colors. After addressing a few remarks to these officers, I handed each one, in succession, a flag. When I came to Colonel Withers, he remarked, "General, it is nearly white, and may be mistaken for a flag of truce." I answered at once: "Then, sir, dye it in the blood of our enemies," which he promised, laughingly, to do. But he had occasion to dye it more than once in his own gallant blood, and finally he was so desperately wounded that he had to be put on post duty toward the end of the war.

G. T. BEAUREGARD.

An Infant Trapeze Performer Rescued

During the matinee performance yesterday at the Tivoli Theater, Superintendent Jenkins, of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, accompanied by Officers Fields and Evans, of Mr. Bergh's society, raided upon the stage and arrested the little child trapeze performer known as Leo. The wee acrobat, who is 6 years old, was in the act of walking the tight rope, with a balancing pole, at the time of the raid. The officers had been sitting in the audience, and their *entree* on the stage, their shields being quite visible in the gaslight, the sudden arrest of the performance and disappearance of the little Leo behind the scenes, gave rise to much excitement. When it became known, however, what the object of the whole affair was the audience gave expression to their satisfaction and sympathy in a burst of applause. Leo and his reputed father were taken in custody, placed in a coach and driven to the residence of Justice Donohoe, in East Sixty-fifth Street. The warrant for the arrest had been obtained from Judge Donohoe, and Mr. Bergh was himself on hand in the body of the theater to witness the execution.—*New York Herald*, Oct. 7.

A Courageous Woman.

Mr. Moses Fogg, a wealthy farmer, lives a mile from Gorham Village, Me. He is a widower, and his housekeeper is a Mrs. Jewett. On Tuesday forenoon a knock was heard at the front door, and on opening it Mrs. Jewett, who was alone in the house, saw a tramp standing there. He asked to see the mistress of the house. She replied she was the only mistress at the time. The man then inquired for the gentleman of the house, and was told he was down in the field. He appeared very anxious to see him, and wanted Mrs. Jewett to go down and call him. She refused, and told the fellow she could not talk with him any longer, and shut the door in his face. While the lady was talking she thought she heard some one up stairs, so she went directly to her room, and taking a pistol, stepped into another room, where sure enough she was confronted by a large ugly looking man, who was endeavoring to secrete himself in a closet. With the utmost coolness Mrs. Jewett aimed her pistol at him and requested him to depart. He demurred at first, when the lady made another step forward and cocked the pistol. The fellow then ran down stairs and up the road. The man at the front door had also disappeared.—*Boston Herald*.

A Home-made Sash Fastener.

A correspondent of the *Rural Home* describes a simple and convenient window fastening by which the sash can be held in place at any desired height. Make an almond-shaped button about two inches long and an inch broad at the base; screw this on the sash within one inch of the strip on the window wherein the sash slides; cut two or three notches in said strip one-fourth of an inch deep and cut out upwards to a sharp edge. When raising the window with one hand, with the other press the button's point into the notch, at whatever height you wish it. A reversed notch can be cut near the bottom to turn the button into, to secure it from being opened on the outside. We have these in use over five years, and do not know that we would exchange for the most approved patent springs. A pocket knife and a gimlet are all the tools needed to make them, and in an hour all the windows in the house can be fixed.

In 1870 the German women decided that thereafter they would never use chignons and other French modes and fashions. The decision was maintained during the war, but that once over, and the fashions mill again started, the German fair sex couldn't withstand the pressure, and again applied in the proper quarter for bonnets and dresses. The male purists of Germany are quite beside themselves over this feminine fickleness.

ANOTHER TERRIBLE DISASTER.

The Steamship Pacific Is Sunk by a Collision with an Unknown Vessel—Only Two Survivors Out of Two Hundred on Board.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 9.—A dispatch from Port Townsend says: Henry F. Jelly, supposed sole survivor of the *Pacific*, was brought here yesterday by the ship *Messenger*, in a wretched condition, having been on a raft 36 hours before being picked up.

JELLY'S STATEMENT.

I took cabin passage on the *Pacific* from Victoria, leaving about 9:15 on the morning of Thursday, the 4th inst. About 200 people were on board. The steamer ran all day against a southeaster; the crew were constantly pumping water into the boat to trim the ship. The boats abaft the paddle-boxes had no oars in them; the others had. Between 8 and 9 in the evening, while in bed, I heard a crash; felt a shock as if we had struck a rock; heard something fall as if the rocks had fallen. The starboard bow bell struck to stop, back, and go ahead. I went on deck and heard voices say, "It's all right, we have struck a vessel." I saw several lights at a distance; do not think they were colored, but I paid little attention. I returned to the cabin; noticed that the ship took a heavy lurch to port. I went on deck to the pilot-house; heard some one say, "She is making water very fast." The Captain coming out of his room, I asked him if there were any blue lights or guns. He said the blue lights were in the pilot-house. I got them and burned five. Noticed the engines still working, but no one at the wheel. I went to the starboard side, forward of the paddle-box, where a number of men were trying to get the long-boat, but could not. I went to the short-boat forward and helped five or six women into it. I tried to get the boat off, but could not move it. There were about twenty women in it. I heard the boats abaft paddles had got off, but did not see them. I think it was about an hour after the steamer struck when she listed so much. The port boat was in the water, and I was in that boat, cut loose from the davits. The boat filled and rolled over. I got on her bottom, and helped several up with me. Immediately after the steamer seemed to break in two fore and aft. The smoke-stack fell and struck our boat, and the steamer sunk. I think about all the women were in our boat, and I fear they were all drowned when the boat upset. This was about 10 in the evening. The night was not dark nor the sea very rough, but there was a fresh breeze. Afterwards I left the bottom of the boat, and with another man climbed on top of the pilot house floating near. Next morning I got some life-preservers floating near the house, and with their ropes lashed myself and companion to the house. I saw three rafts; the first had one man on it; the next had three men and a woman. I could not make out the other for the distance, except that there were people on it. I think we were 30 or 40 miles south of Cape Flattery when the vessel sunk. We passed a light on Tattoos Island between 4 and 5 in the evening. I and my companion were on the pilot-house all of Friday until 4 p. m., when he died. I cut him loose, the seas running very high. All day the waves were washing over us. Soon after he died I sighted a vessel, called, and heard the people on the other rafts calling, but the vessel did not come near. On Friday night there was but little wind until morning, when the wind and sea rose. I was then within a mile of shore, at Vancouver Island, and sighted two vessels on the American shore, which passed on. About 10 a. m., on Saturday, the *Messenger* picked me up.

(Signed) HENRY F. JELLY.

A later dispatch from Port Townsend says that one of the *Pacific's* crew had been picked up from a raft. He confirms Jelly's statement as to a collision being the cause of the disaster. Capt. Howell was with him on the raft, but was washed off and drowned.

Lamps Without Oil.

It will be an odd thing if we some day fill our lamps with iron filings instead of oil, and dispense with wicks. Yet an experimentalist in Berlin has shown that a brilliant, lasting light may be obtained by burning iron. He took a straight bar magnet of some power, and sprinkled iron filings on one of its poles. Applying to this the flame of burning gas or spirit, it took fire, and continued to burn for some time as freely as any ordinary combustible materials do. The filings arrange themselves in accordance with magnetic force, and, however closely they may appear to be placed, of course no two of the metallic filings are parallel, and consequently a certain amount of air is confined as in a metallic sponge.